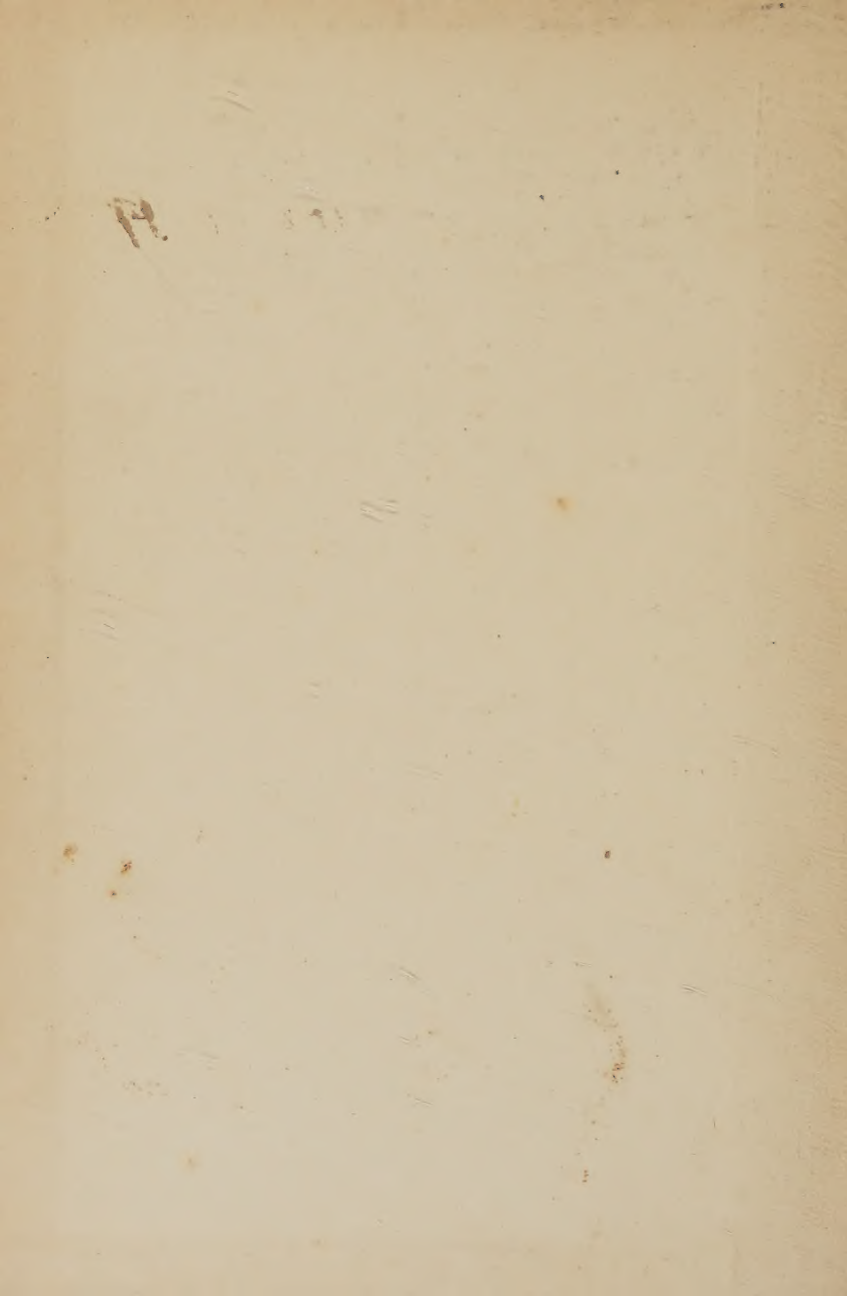




HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN
By Albert Bigelow Paine



William Moore 1917

Good wishes to all
Hallow Tree friends

From the Story Teller

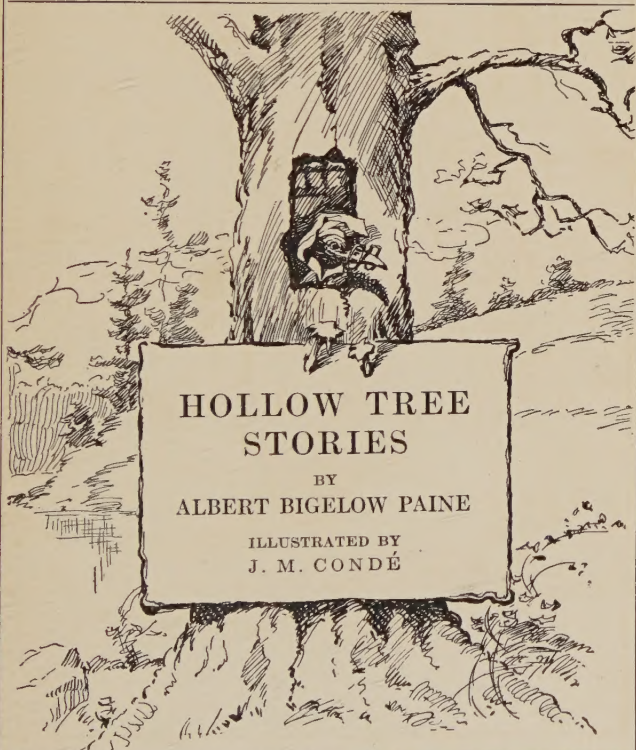
Z



[See page 39

TOOK ONE MORE LOOK AT HIMSELF IN THE GLASS

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN



HOLLOW TREE STORIES

BY
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. M. CONDÉ

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

HOLLOW TREE STORIES

BY

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

12mo, Cloth. Fully Illustrated

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN
HOW MR. RABBIT LOST HIS TAIL
MR. RABBIT'S BIG DINNER
MAKING UP WITH MR. DOG
MR. POSSUM'S GREAT BALLOON TRIP
WHEN JACK RABBIT WAS A LITTLE BOY

HOLLOW TREE AND DEEP WOODS BOOK

Illustrated. 8vo.

HOLLOW TREE SNOWED-IN BOOK

Illustrated. 8vo

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

Copyright, 1898, by JAMES GORDON BENNETT

Copyright, 1899, by FRANK MUNSEY

Copyright, 1899, by THE CENTURY COMPANY

Copyright, 1898, 1899, 1910, by ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL

Copyright, 1900, by HARPER & BROTHERS

PUBLISHED APRIL, 1915

D-P

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A JOKE ALL AROUND	3
MR. DOG TAKES LESSONS IN DANCING	15
HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN	29
HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN (<i>Continued</i>)	41
THE STORY OF THE C. X. PIE	55
THE STORY OF THE C. X. PIE (<i>Continued</i>)	69
THE STORY OF THE C. X. PIE (<i>Continued</i>)	83
MR. TURTLE'S THUNDER STORY	95
MR. TURTLE'S THUNDER STORY (<i>Continued</i>)	103
A RAIN IN THE NIGHT	115

A JOKE ALL AROUND



A JOKE ALL AROUND

ABOUT HOLLOW TREE PEOPLE AND THEIR WAYS

“YOU may tell me some more about the 'Coon and the 'Possum and the Old Black Crow,” said the Little Lady, settling herself comfortably and indicating by the motion of her body that she wanted the Story Teller to rock. “They lived in three big hollow limbs of a big hollow tree, you know, and used to meet together sometimes in their parlor and talk.”

Why, yes, of course. The Story Teller did know this colony, and hurriedly tried to recall some one of their many adventures. Out of the mists of that long-ago time when all animals and men spoke one language and mingled more or less sociably together

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

came presently a dim memory that cleared and brightened as it came, and took form at last in something which the Story Teller told to the Little Lady as

MR. 'COON'S BAD COLD

One day, early in March and during a long wet spell, the 'Coon caught a bad cold. The next morning he stayed in bed, and pulled up the covers and was cross and too sick to go out. This made extra work for the Crow and the 'Possum, who, of course, had to bring him in his meals and take care of him, and Mr. 'Coon, who found how nice it was to be waited on, thought he would take his own time about getting well. He was sick so long that by and by it set Mr. Crow to thinking, and one day, all of a sudden, he was taken ill, too, and coughed and took on, and called across to the others that he was sick and couldn't come out, either.

This made still more work for the 'Possum, who now had to catch game for three, besides waiting on sick folks and taking



THE 'COON CAUGHT A BAD COLD

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

care of their houses. So by and by Mr. 'Possum got to thinking some, as well as the others, and one morning, while the Crow and the 'Coon were lying all snug in bed and laughing to themselves at the trick they were playing, and thinking of the nice breakfast they were to have, they heard all at once the 'Possum calling out that hard work and late hours had been too much for him, and that he was sicker now than both of them put together.

Of course they had to call back to him that they were sorry, and of course they were sorry in one way, and then each of them lay down to see which would be the first to starve out.

Mr. 'Possum had a little the best of it at first, because he had brought in enough the night before to last him for a few meals, but, being very greedy, he soon ate it all up, and before long was just as hungry as either the 'Coon or the Crow, and maybe hungrier.

Every day they all grew emptier and



COUGHED AND TOOK ON

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

emptier. Sometimes Mr. Crow would get up and slip to the door to see if the 'Possum or the 'Coon was not starting out for food. Sometimes Mr. 'Possum would peep out to see if the 'Coon and the Crow were not going. Sometimes Mr. 'Coon would look out to see if the Crow and the 'Possum hadn't started. Once they all saw each other, and jumped back like a flash.

That night Mr. 'Possum decided that he couldn't stand it any longer. He was so thin that his skin hung on him like a bag, and he hardly had strength enough to curl his tail. So he made a plan to slip through the parlor down stairs, and out the door at the bottom of the tree to find a good supper just for himself. A little after dark, when he thought the others were asleep, he got up softly and dressed himself and took his shoes in his hand.

He was afraid to put them on, for fear he would wake up the Crow and the 'Coon going down stairs.

Well, he slipped down softly, and was



GOT UP SOFTLY AND DRESSED

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

just about half way to the door when—
biff! he ran right against something in the
dark—

“But I thought you said once ‘possums
could see in the dark?” interrupted the
Little Lady, sitting up straight.

They can in just common dark, but this,
you see, was hollow tree dark, which is the
very darkest dark there is. So he couldn’t
see a wink, and down he came and down
came the other thing, too, till pretty soon—
biff! they struck something else, and down
all three things came over and over, rattlety
clatter, to the bottom of the stairs, right on
out of the door into the moonlight, and
what do you suppose was there besides Mr.
’Possum?

“I know,” said the Little Lady, eagerly.
“The ‘Coon and the Old Black Crow?”

Exactly. Both of them dressed and look-
ing foolish and half starved, and each with
his shoes in his hand. They had all slipped
down softly to get something to eat, because
they were so hungry, and, of course, when



LOOKING FOOLISH AND HALF STARVED

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

they looked at each other standing there they all knew very well that none of them had been sick, except Mr. 'Coon a little right at first.

After they had looked at each other for about a minute they all began to laugh, and they laughed and laughed till they cried, and rolled on the ground and kept on laughing to think how they all had fooled each other and been fooled themselves. Then they all hurried off on a big hunt for game, and didn't get back till sunrise.

MR. DOG TAKES LESSONS IN
DANCING



MR. DOG TAKES LESSONS IN DANCING

JACK RABBIT PLAYS ONE MORE JOKE ON
MR. DOG

ONE night when Mr. Crow was calling on Mr. Dog, they got to talking over old times and telling what happened to them when they were boys and how everything had changed and how young fellows now had things pretty much their own way and no trouble to get an education.

Mr. Crow said that he believed if he'd had half a chance when he was young he'd have made an artist. He said he used to draw off likenesses on his slate so that anybody could almost tell who they were and that the 'Coon and the 'Possum each had in

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

their rooms in the Big Hollow Tree pictures of themselves that he had drawn which were just as good to-day as the day they were made.

Mr. Dog thought it was mighty fine to be talented like that. He said that his early education had been neglected, too, and that he knew he might have been a poet, for he could make rhymes just as easy as falling off a log, and that he knew three rhymes for every word he could think of except "silver" and "orange." Of course, it was too late now, and he had mostly given up poetry and thought some of going into society. All he needed was good clothes and a few instructions in manners and some dancing lessons. He said he was just as young and just as good looking as he ever was, and that in a few days he'd have some new clothes. Then he asked Mr. Crow if he knew of anybody that would give him some lessons in politeness and dancing.

Mr. Crow thought awhile, and then said that he didn't know of a soul in the neighbor-



MR. RABBIT WAS MAKING SOAP IN THE
BACK YARD

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

hood that could be so polite and dance as well as Mr. Jack Rabbit, and that he didn't suppose Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Dog were on good terms. That made Mr. Dog feel pretty bad, 'cause he knew it was just that way, and by and by he got Mr. Crow to promise that he would go and call on Jack Rabbit next morning and see if he couldn't fix it up somehow for him to take a few lessons. So next morning Mr. Crow called over to see Mr. Rabbit, and found him making soap out in the back yard. He had a good fire built between some stones and a big kettle full of brown stuff, which he was stirring with a long stick. He seemed to be feeling pretty well, for he kept singing,

“Fire and stir, and grease and lye—
Soap to scrub with by and by.”

“Ho!” said the Little Lady. “Do they make soap like that?”

They used to in old times. They made what they called a lye by running water through new wood ashes, and then they put



BOWED POLITELY, AS IF HE WERE MEETING
LADIES

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

grease in it and boiled it in a big kettle. It was very strong soap, and people didn't wash their hands with it, because it got into sore places and burnt and stung like fury. But they used it a good deal to scrub with, and Jack Rabbit made it himself because he was smart and knew how.

Well, the Crow told him all about what Mr. Dog had said, and Mr. Rabbit kept stirring and singing kind of soft like to himself, and smiling a little, and by and by, when the Crow was done, he said that of course Mr. Dog wasn't very polite, and that some lessons would certainly do him good. As for dancing, he said that if Mr. Dog would promise to do just as he told him he would be able to dance as many as three different steps in less than five minutes after he got there.

Mr. Crow said that Mr. Dog had promised anything, and that he would send him over that very afternoon. And, sure enough, right after dinner, here comes Mr. Dog, lickety split, to take lessons. Jack Rabbit



GAVE A HOWL AND JUMPED STRAIGHT UP IN
THE AIR

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

had his door locked and his window open, and was sitting by it and looking out when Mr. Dog got there. He told Mr. Dog to sit right down and catch his breath a little, and then the lessons would begin. His kettle of soap was all done, and he had taken it off of the fire, but the fire wasn't out yet, though it looked as if it was, because it had burned down to coals and white ashes.

Mr. Rabbit had his new soap in the house, and he spread some of it on a cloth and tossed it down to Mr. Dog.

"That's a dance plaster," he said, "but you don't put it on quite yet. The first thing will be some lessons in politeness. You must look straight at me and do just as I tell you."

Mr. Dog said that he would do that, and took a seat facing Mr. Rabbit and paid close attention. Then Jack Rabbit got up and bowed politely, as if he were meeting ladies, and, of course, took a step or two backward as he bowed, and then Mr. Dog bowed and took some steps backward, too. And then he sat down, and Mr. Rabbit told

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

him just where his mistakes were, and made him do it over and over until Mr. Dog had bowed and scraped and backed himself almost into the fire, though he didn't know it.

Next, Jack Rabbit said, they'd have a lesson in paying compliments and then the dancing. Now, whenever anybody pays a compliment to Mr. Dog he always wags his tail; so the Rabbit thought of the very finest compliment he could think of and paid it to Mr. Dog, and Mr. Dog forgot that it was only a lesson and was so happy to receive such a compliment from Mr. Jack Rabbit that he wagged his tail a great big wag sideways and then up and down, until all at once he gave a howl and jumped straight up in the air, for he had pounded his tail right into the ashes and hot coals of Mr. Rabbit's fire.

"Did it burn him much?" asked the Little Lady.

It did that, and he howled and jumped up and down and whirled first one way and then the other, and Jack Rabbit leaned

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

out of the window and held his sides and said:—

“That’s it! That’s the step! Dance, Mr. Dog; dance!”

When Mr. Dog heard that, he thought the Rabbit was really in earnest, and didn’t know, perhaps, he had wagged his tail into the fire; so he quit howling and really tried to do a few fancy steps, and Jack Rabbit almost died trying to keep from laughing, but he managed to do it, and he called out to Mr. Dog that he was doing fine, and that all he needed now was the dance plaster on his tail. When Mr. Dog heard that, he thought perhaps a dance plaster would take the smart away, too, and he sat right down and tied it on, tight. And then pretty soon that soft soap began to act, and, right then, of all the howling and dancing and performance that you ever heard of, Mr. Dog did it. Mr. Rabbit couldn’t hold in any longer, and lay back in his chair, and laughed, and rolled on his bed and shouted, and when Mr. Dog heard him he knew he had been



TOOK OVER THE HILL TOWARD HOME.

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

fooled again, and he took off over the hill toward home a good deal faster than he came. Every little ways he'd stop to dance and perform, and try to get that plaster off his tail, and every time he stopped Jack Rabbit would sing out:—

“That's a new step, Mr. Dog! You're doing fine! Dance, Mr. Dog; dance!”

And for a long time after that Mr. Dog didn't like to go out much, because everywhere he went somebody would be sure to say to him:—

“That's a new step, Mr. Dog! Dance, Mr. Dog; dance!”

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

THE FOREST FRIENDS PREPARE FOR A MAY
PARTY AND ARRANGE FOR A QUIET TIME

WELL, yes, said the Story Teller, Mr. Dog did have a good deal of trouble, and it makes me sorry for him sometimes when I think about it. He still kept good friends with the Crow and the Turtle, though, and was on pretty fair terms with Mr. Robin and 'most all the rest of the Bird family, besides living in the same yard with Mr. Man, who always kept an eye on him and got him out of trouble when he could. Of course Jack Rabbit and the Hollow Tree people mostly got the best of Mr. Dog, but there was one time when they didn't. This is how it happened.

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

Once upon a time Mr. Jack Rabbit was spending the evening over at the Big Hollow Tree with the Crow and the 'Coon and the 'Possum. They had all had their supper, and were leaning back and talking about the weather and what a late spring it had been, and how bad the cold rains were for young chickens. Mr. Rabbit didn't care for chickens himself, but he usually kept some for his friends, and always had a nice patch of young clover and some garden vegetables for his own use. He said the late frost had killed his early lettuce and young cabbage plants, and that his clover patch looked as if a fire had been through it.

Mr. 'Coon smoked a little and looked into the fire and said that he guessed to-morrow would be a warm day, and the Crow said he knew it would be because he could feel it in his leg, where a stray shot from Mr. Man's gun happened to hit him once when he was taking a walk in Mr. Man's cornfield just about this time of year.

The 'Possum put his thumbs in the arm-

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

holes of his vest and leaned back against the mantel, and said he had a plan he wanted to tell them about. When he said that they all kept still to listen, because they knew when the 'Possum had a plan it always meant something good to eat, and they were always ready to hear about good things to eat, even when they'd just got up from the supper table.

Mr. 'Possum puffed a few puffs of smoke, and then he went on to say that after so much bad weather in April he thought it would be proper for them to give an outdoor feast and a woods party on the first day of May. All the others spoke up right off and said that was just the thing. Then they all began talking at once about what each would bring and whom they should invite.

Jack Rabbit said he would invite Mr. Chipmunk and Mr. Quail, and that he would speak a piece composed for the occasion. The 'Coon said he would invite Mr. Fox, because he had the best chickens, and

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

would bring a basket of them along. The 'Possum said that would be a good plan, and that they ought to try as much as they could to invite people that would bring things. That made the Crow laugh, and he said if they wanted to do that they might invite Mr. Man himself.

Of course all the others laughed at first when they heard that, and then, all at once, they quit laughing, for speaking of Mr. Man made them think of Mr. Dog, and they knew how he was always trapesing around the country where he wasn't wanted, and just as likely as not would walk right in on them at dinner time and make it unpleasant for everybody.

They all felt pretty lonesome when they thought of that, and then the Crow laughed again and said he would send over a note by Mr. Robin to Mr. Dog inviting him to go and see some friends of his that had just moved across the Wide Grass Lands. He said Mr. Dog would be glad to go, and that his friends would be glad to see him, and



HE FELT FOR THE INVITATION

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

that it would take all day to make the trip and do no harm to anybody. Then all of them felt well again.

Mr. Crow wrote the note right away, and when he invited the Robin to the May party next morning he asked him if he would take Mr. Dog's invitation over to him and slip it under his door before he was up. He said it was to be a surprise for Mr. Dog, and he didn't want him to know just who sent the invitation. He didn't tell the Robin that it was an invitation for Mr. Dog to get out of the country, because the Robin is a good bird and wouldn't help to deceive anybody for the world.

Mr. Robin was tickled 'most to death at his own invitation, and slipped Mr. Dog's in his pocket, and hurried off with it just as fast as ever he could. He was so excited that he forgot he had a hole in the pocket of his coat, and never thought of it till he got to Mr. Man's yard, where Mr. Dog's house was. Then he remembered all at once, and when he felt for the invitation and turned his



FORGOT THAT HE'D EVER HAD ANY TROUBLE IN
HIS LIFE

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

pocket inside out there was the hole sure enough, but the invitation was gone.

Mr. Robin at first didn't know what to do. Then he happened to think that all Mr. Crow had said was that he didn't want Mr. Dog to know just who sent it to him, so he went right up to Mr. Dog's house and rapped. Mr. Dog came out yawning, but when he heard that he was invited to a May party he forgot that he'd ever had any trouble in his life, and danced and rolled over and wagged his tail, till the Robin thought he was having a fit. Then when Mr. Dog heard that the party was gotten up mostly on his account, and was to be a kind of a surprise, he had another fit, and said he never was so happy in the world. Mr. Robin said he couldn't tell him just who sent the invitation, but he told him a few of those invited, and Mr. Dog grew six inches taller and said he must certainly have some new clothes for a party like that.

Then Mr. Robin set off home to get ready, for there were only two days more in April



AT MR. FOX'S HOUSE THE FEATHERS WERE
FLYING

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

and everybody had to scramble around to be ready in time, especially Mr. Jack Rabbit, who had to write a poem. Over at Mr. Fox's house the feathers were flying, and at the Hollow Tree Mr. Crow had his sleeves rolled up, baking all day long. The 'Coon sat in his room and rocked and planned games, and the 'Possum followed Mr. Crow about and told him new things to cook. Everywhere in the woods and even out in the Wide Grass Lands, folks were staying up nights to get ready, but none of them felt as happy or took as much trouble to look well as Mr. Dog. He knew there couldn't be any joke this time, because Mr. Robin had invited him, and Mr. Robin wouldn't play a joke on anybody. Every little while he would go out and roll on the grass in the sun and then go in and put on his new clothes and stand before the glass. Then he would march up and down and try to see if his coat wrinkled under the arms and if his trousers fitted neatly around the waist. As he thought the party was to be given for him,

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

of course he wasn't expected to bring anything except all the style he could put on, and when the morning came Mr. Dog did put on all he could carry, and took one more look at himself in the glass and started. He had never felt so happy in his life.



SAW THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

(Continued)

THE SURPRISE OF MR. RABBIT AND OTHERS

POOR Mr. Dog! He did not dream that the Robin had made a big mistake when he invited him. He was all ready for a grand time and thought he was to be the guest of honor. But the 'Coon and the 'Possum and all the rest thought he was in another part of the country that day, and when they got to the place where the party was to be they shook hands and laughed about how Mr. Crow had played it on Mr. Dog and then rolled on the grass and cut up in a great way.

Mr. Fox was there with all his folks, and Mr. Squirrel and his folks, and Mr. Weasel

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

and Mr. Woodchuck and Mrs. Quail, and ever so many others. Mr. Rabbit had picked out the spot, which was a pretty, green, open place in the woods, and right in the centre of it a little weeping willow tree, with long, trailing branches like ribbons. This was to be their May pole, and they were so happy that they commenced dancing almost as soon as they got there. Mr. Dog, of course, hadn't arrived yet. It had taken him so long to dress, and then he had a good way to come, so he was late.

Pretty soon Mr. 'Possum puffed and blowed because he was so fat, and said he thought they ought to sit right down and begin to eat, and let Mr. Jack Rabbit read his poem to them through the first course. The Rabbit was willing to do that, for he would rather read his own poetry than eat, any time, and, besides, the first course was something he didn't like very well. So then they all sat down around the table cloth which they had spread on the grass, and Mr. Rabbit got up and put his right hand in the breast of his

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

coat. He commenced by saying that his friends seemed to think he was a good deal of a poet, but that he had always been too busy to really write his best, and that all his poems, like the one he was just about to read, had been little inspirations tossed off on the spur of the moment. Of course, everybody there knew that Jack Rabbit had sat up two whole days and nights to write his poem, but they all cheered and clapped their hands, and Mr. Rabbit bowed and coughed a little and began to read:—

WHEN MR. DOG'S AWAY

By J. Rabbit

Oh, 'tis happy in the woodland

When Mr. Dog's away;

'Tis happy in the woodland

Upon the first of May.

He's gone across the grassland—

We hope he's gone to stay;

Then don't forget the feast is set

And Mr. Dog's away.

The Robin was just about to speak up at this moment and say that Mr. Dog was

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

surely coming, but the others cheered so that nobody heard him, and Mr. Rabbit went on with his poem.

Then 'tis hey! for Mr. Woodchuck!
And 'tis hi! for Mrs. Quail!
And 'tis ho! for Mr. 'Possum
With a bowknot on his tail!
Then 'tis hip! for Mr. Robin
And for all the rest, hurray!
The friends are met, the feast is set,
And Mr. Dog's away.

"Hurrray! hurrray!" shouted all the others.
"The friends are met, the feast is set, an
Mr. Dog's away!"

Then hand around the glasses
And fill them to the brim,
And drink a health to Mr. Dog,
For we are fond of him.
And, though he be not present
Upon this happy day,
We'll fill the cup and drink it up
To Mr. Dog away!

At the last line all present were just about to lift their glasses and give a great big

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

cheer for the poem, when like a flash they saw by Jack Rabbit's face that something was wrong. Then they all looked where he was looking, and there, right before them, bowing and smiling, stood Mr. Dog himself! He had just come in time to hear the last stanza of the poem and was ready to dance with joy, he was so happy to think they were drinking his health when he wasn't there.

He felt so good that he didn't notice how surprised they looked, and slipped into a seat at the table, saying he was sorry to be late, and that he had just heard the last lines of Mr. Rabbit's poem, but that they had made him very proud and happy, and he hoped Mr. Jack Rabbit would read it again for his benefit.

Of course, nearly everybody there was scared almost into fits, but nobody dared to let on, for they all saw that there had been an awful mistake somewhere, and if Mr. Dog found it out and knew he hadn't been invited, no telling what might happen. Jack

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

Rabbit smiled, kind of sickly like, and said that he had been overcome by the excitement, and didn't feel quite able to read the poem again. He said he hoped Mr. Dog would judge the first verses, though, by the last, and feel just as glad to be there as they were to have him. And all the rest said, "Oh, yes, so glad to have Mr. Dog with us," and kept piling things on his plate, so he wouldn't want anything to eat besides his dinner. Mr. Dog felt so well and was in such a good humor that he commenced pretty soon to tell stories and jokes on himself, and by and by told about the time he went over to take dancing lessons of Jack Rabbit.

Everybody thought at first that they'd better laugh at Mr. Dog's jokes, and they did laugh like everything, but when he started that story about what Mr. Rabbit had done to him they didn't know whether to laugh or not. Some laughed a little and some didn't, and Mr. Rabbit said he thought it was getting a little too warm for him there



HE SET OUT FOR HOME

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

in the sun, and he believed he'd go and sit in the shade a minute and cool off, so he went over behind some waxberry bushes, where it was shady, and the minute he got where Mr. Dog couldn't see him he set out for home just about as fast as he could travel, without stopping to say good-by or to look behind him.

Pretty soon Mr. 'Coon said he thought mebbe Mr. Rabbit was sicker than he let on, and he guessed he'd better go and see about it. So he went over behind the waxberry bushes, too, and was half way home before you could say "Jack Robinson." Then Mr. 'Possum told Mr. Crow that he hoped he and the others would entertain Mr. Dog a while, for he knew Mr. 'Coon would need help, and away he went, and before long Mr. Fox and Mr. Woodchuck, and Mr. Squirrel and all their folks had gone over behind the waxberry bushes to look after Mr. Rabbit, too, and none of them wasted a minute's time making tracks for home as soon as they got out of sight.



MR. DOG MADE A SPEECH

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

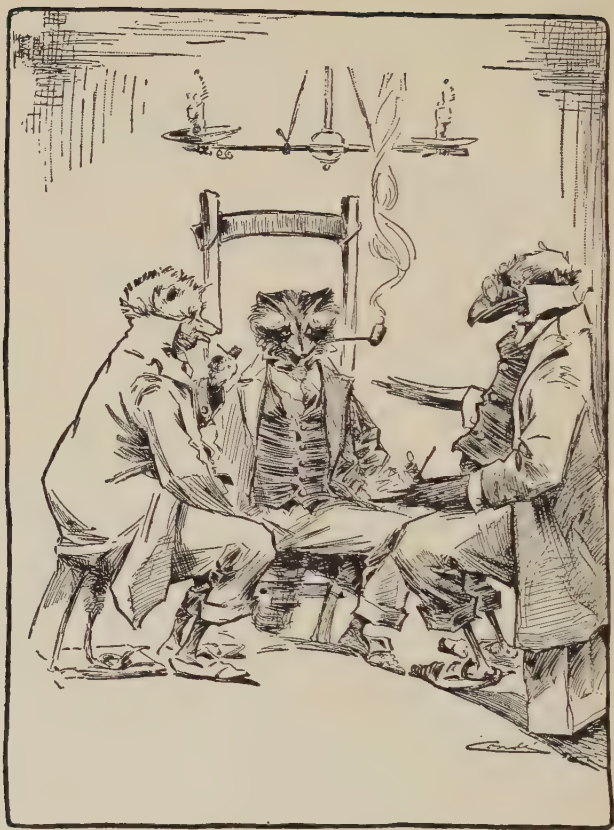
But the Crow and the Turtle and the Robin didn't go because they were all on good terms with Mr. Dog. Mrs. Quail didn't go either, though before long 'most everybody else had gone. Then Mr. Crow said he guessed poor Mr. Rabbit's friends had taken him home, and Mr. Dog said he was sorry, and that it was too bad anything should happen that way when folks were having such a good time. He said he'd call at Jack Rabbit's house next day to see how he was and hear the rest of that poem. Then Mr. Crow and Mr. Turtle laughed and laughed and Mr. Dog didn't know what they were laughing at, but he felt so well that he laughed too, and Mr. Robin, who had found out by this time what a bad mistake he had made, couldn't help laughing some himself.

Then they had dessert, and Mr. Dog made a speech and thanked them for the fine party and surprise in his honor, and declared he had never spent such a happy day in all his life. He said there had been a little misunderstanding now and then between

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

himself and some of the forest folks, but he knew now that all was forgiven, and that he would never forget this happy May party.

And Mr. Dog never did forget it, concluded the Story Teller—at least not for a long time—and he doesn't know to this day that the party wasn't given specially for him, or that Mr. Jack Rabbit's poem wasn't written in his honor.



TOLD THE 'COON AND 'POSSUM ABOUT IT
RIGHT AWAY

THE STORY OF THE C. X. PIE

THE STORY OF THE C. X. PIE

MR. CROW PLANS AN APRIL FIRST PARTY AND
PREPARES A SURPRISE FOR THE OCCASION

ONCE upon a time when the Crow and the 'Coon and the 'Possum lived together in three big hollow branches of a great Hollow Tree in the Big Deep Woods, and used to meet and have good times together in the parlor down stairs, the Crow made up his mind to have a party next day. He told the 'Coon and the 'Possum about it right away, and they asked him if he was going to have Mr. Dog this time, and Mr. Crow said "No" and looked foolish, because once he did have Mr. Dog just for a joke and got the worst of it himself.

"I remember that," said the Little Lady.

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

That's what the Crow did, too—remembered, and he had never felt just right about the way he had been fooled when he meant to fool the others. So when they reminded him about Mr. Dog he said to himself that he would fool them yet, and he'd do it at this very party.

But he made b'lieve he was very meek and said he was going to have Mr. Jack Rabbit over, and Mr. Turtle, to make a full table, and that they would have chicken pie and hot biscuits with maple syrup for dinner. This suited the 'Coon and the 'Possum exactly, for Mr. Crow was the best cook anywhere in the country, and they were both fond of good things. The 'Coon said he'd go right away with the invitation for Jack Rabbit, and the 'Possum said that he felt like taking a walk anyway, and that he'd pass around by the Wide Blue Water where Mr. Turtle lived, and tell him. So off they went and left Mr. Crow all alone to think about it and get ready.

He walked back and forth awhile in his



HE WALKED BACK AND FORTH AWHILE IN
HIS OWN ROOM

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

own room and scratched his head, and then he went down stairs out in the sun and thought some more. All at once he jumped right straight up and laughed, for he happened to remember that it was the last day of March, and that it was the very thing to have a party on April fool day, and fool the 'Possum and the 'Coon in some way, so that the others would laugh and say it was the best joke of the season. Then he thought of a way to fool them, and pretty soon he had that fixed, too.

He didn't wait a minute, but went right to cooking and baking just as hard as ever he could, and pretty soon he had three chicken pies done, as fine looking as any you ever saw. And two of them were fine, sure enough—just as fine as Mr. Crow could make them—but the other wasn't chicken at all. It was made out of leaves and sticks, and the only thing good about it was the crust. This pie he intended for the 'Coon and the 'Possum, and one of the good ones was for Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Turtle. The last one



WENT RIGHT TO COOKING AND BAKING

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

was for himself, with an extra piece over for anybody that might happen to want a second helping.

Well, he set them all in a row on the kitchen table, and walked up and down looking at them and laughing and thinking what fun it would be for the others when Mr. 'Possum and Mr. 'Coon cut their pie and tried to eat what was inside of it. He had the pies set on the table so he knew just which was which, and besides had made some letters on the upper crust so the right ones would be sure to get them. On the leaf pie he had "P. C.," for 'Possum and 'Coon. On one of the others he had "R. T.," for Rabbit and Turtle. On the last one he had "C. X.," which stood for Crow, and an extra piece for manners. He had put these letters where the fancy thing is in the centre of pies, and had joined them together so you'd hardly notice them at first.

All at once, while he was looking at them and laughing, he heard Mr. 'Coon and Mr.



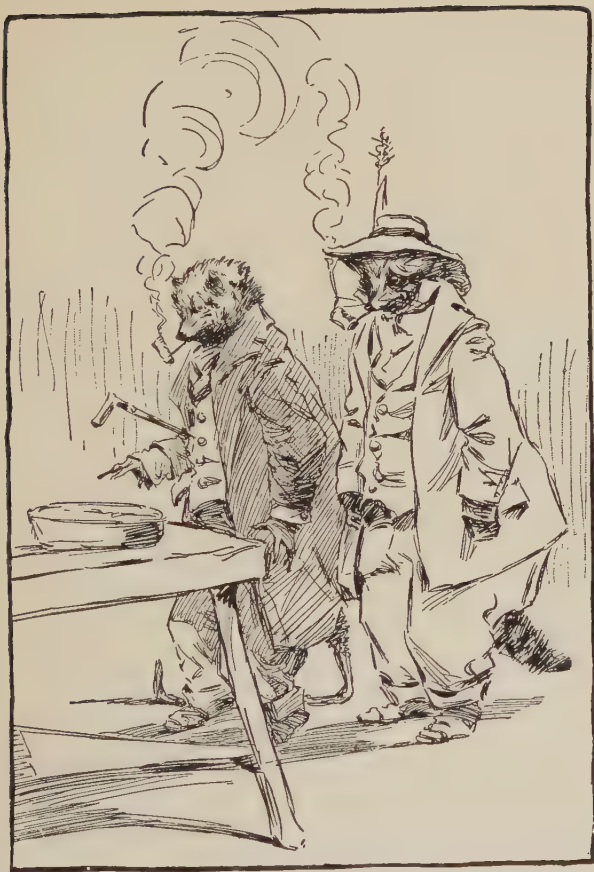
HE SAID HE COULD DROP INTO THE MARKET
ON THE WAY HOME

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

'Possum coming back. Then he called out to them and asked them if they had invited the guests and told them to come up and see the pies he had made while they were gone. So they came up and looked at them, and said they certainly were fine, and that Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Turtle were busy getting out their best clothes, and would be there early.

Then the Crow said he guessed he'd slip over to Mr. Man's pantry and borrow some maple syrup while Mr. Man was at dinner and be back for early supper. He said he could drop into the market on the way home.

When he'd been gone awhile Mr. 'Possum said he believed he'd take one more look at those nice pies, and Mr. 'Coon said he guessed he would, too. So they went up to Mr. Crow's kitchen again and stood and looked at them till they were so hungry that Mr. 'Possum licked out his tongue and walked up and smelled of them. First he smelled a good long smell of the C. X. pie—



STOOD AND LOOKED AT THEM

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

so—and said, “O-o-oh! How nice!” Then he smelled a very long smell of the R. T. pie—so——and said, “O-o-o-o-oh! How de-



“O-O-O-O-O-OH! HOW STRANGE!”

licious!” Then he smelled a very, very long smell of the P. C. pie—so——and said, “O-o-o-o-o-oh! How strange!”

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

That made the 'Coon want to smell, too, and when he had smelled of all three he said that there certainly did seem to be a difference in those pies, and that the last one had a sort of a woodsy spring-like flavor, like the first of April. That made the 'Possum jump, and he said he had not remembered till that very minute that tomorrow was the first, sure enough. Then he said he didn't suppose Mr. Crow would care how the pies were set on the table, so he moved them about and put the P. C. pie where the C. X. pie had stood, and the C. X. pie at the end instead of the P. C. pie. But while he was doing it he happened to notice the joined letters in the middle of the pies, which he hadn't seen before. He looked at first one and then the other, and studied a minute what to do. Then he picked up an old thin knife that Mr. Crow used for cutting around cake and for slipping out pies sometimes when they stuck to the pan.

"Oh," said Mr. 'Coon, "I hope you're not going to cut them!"



LOOKED IN AND MADE A VERY QUEER FACE

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

“Well,” said Mr. 'Possum, “not so's you'll notice it.”

Then he slipped the thin knife around the top crust of the P. C. pie and lifted it off carefully and looked in and made a very queer face. Mr. 'Coon came and looked in, too, and made another very queer face. Then Mr. 'Possum lifted off the top of the C. X. pie and looked in and smiled, and Mr. 'Coon looked in and smiled, too. There were two nice, fat chicken legs right on top, and Mr. 'Coon took one and Mr. 'Possum the other, because they said that as this was to be their pie anyway, they might just as well have a little taste of it beforehand. Then they changed the covers and put the P. C. cover on the good pie and C. X. cover on the fool pie, and just then they heard Mr. Crow coming home, and slipped down into the parlor and up into their own rooms and pretended to be asleep when he came in.



"OH," SAID MR. 'COON, "I HOPE YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO CUT THEM"

THE STORY OF THE C. X. PIE

(Continued)

MR. CROW'S PARTY AND THE OPENING OF THE PIES

WELL, next morning Mr. Crow was down stairs bright and early, putting the big parlor in order and setting the table. Pretty soon the 'Coon and 'Possum came down, too, and helped him, and now and then, when they happened to look at each other across the table, they would wink and smile, but they didn't say a word. By and by the three pies were brought in and set in a row at one end of the table, and nobody could tell from looking at them but what they were exactly as the Crow had baked them.

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

Just then there was a knock down stairs, and Mr. Rabbit came in carrying a large bunch of early flowers that he had gathered as he came along, and dressed in his new spring suit. They saw a little white roll in one of his coat pockets, too, and they knew it was a poem for the occasion, for Jack Rabbit writes poems whenever he gets a chance, specially in the early springtime.

Mr. Crow hurried out and got the pair of pink glass vases that Mr. 'Coon had given him for Christmas and put the flowers in them for the table, while he asked Jack Rabbit if it was muddy walking and if he had seen anything of Mr. Turtle.

Mr. Rabbit said that the ground was rather damp, but that he could pick his way pretty well, and that he had never seen such a wet spring since the year that the Wide Blue Water came up over his back garden and drowned his early peas. He hadn't seen Mr. Turtle, but just then Mr. Turtle himself waddled in with a basket of nice water salad, which he had gathered



MR. RABBIT CAME IN CARRYING A LARGE
BUNCH OF EARLY FLOWERS

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

before starting. Then Mr. Crow hurried off to put his biscuits in the oven and left the others to sit around the table and talk.

After they had talked about the weather and told the latest things that had happened to Mr. Dog, who lived with Mr. Man, and whom none of them liked very well, the 'Possum said all at once that being this was April first he shouldn't wonder if it was to be a sort of surprise party in some way.

That made Mr. Turtle and Jack Rabbit curious right away, and they wanted to know what kind of a surprise he thought it was going to be and if he thought it would be a pleasant one. Mr. 'Possum said he was sure it would be pleasant, and then he looked at the three fine pies on the table and said it was just as apt to be in one of those pies as anywhere. Then Mr. Turtle said he'd heard of "four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie," and how they began to sing when the pie was opened, but he hoped it wouldn't be that kind of a surprise, for he didn't care much for blackbirds him-

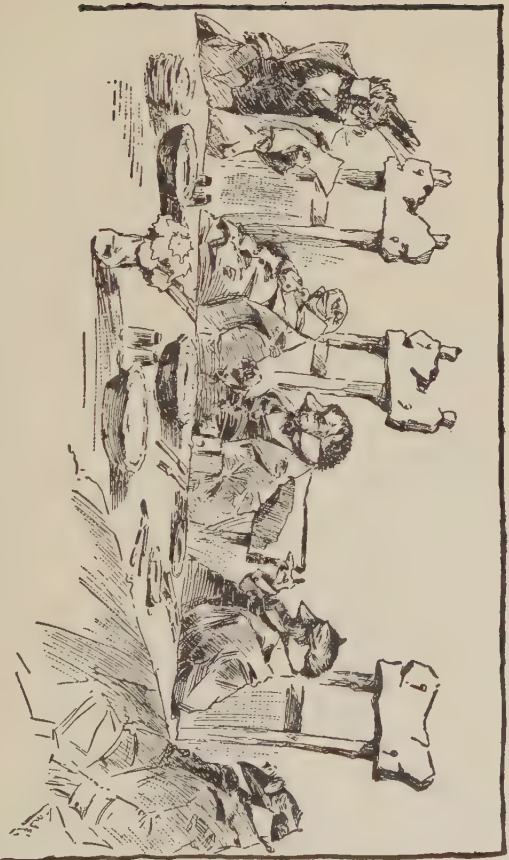


MR. TURTLE HIMSELF WADDLED IN

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

self, specially in pies. The 'Possum said there might be one black bird sing when these pies were opened, but he didn't b'lieve there'd be any more, which made the 'Coon laugh so he nearly fell off his chair. Just then they heard the Crow coming, and the 'Possum whispered quick to the Turtle and the Rabbit that they must be sure and eat their pie all up and ask for more, as Mr. Crow was proud of his cooking and always felt offended when people didn't eat heartily.

Well, Mr. Crow came in carrying a great pan of fine biscuits and set them down in the middle of the table, while everybody said, "What lovely biscuits!" and asked whether they were made with buttermilk or baking powder, and wanted his receipt. Mr. Crow said he didn't have any receipt, but just took a pinch of this and a pinch of that, and that there was a good deal in the knack and in having things come natural, just as it was natural for Mr. Rabbit to write poetry. Then he said he hoped Mr. Rabbit



MR. RABBIT TOOK OUT THE ROLL HE HAD BROUGHT AND STOOD UP

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

hadn't forgotten to think up a few thoughts for this occasion, and Mr. Rabbit said that he had been too busy with spring work to write much lately, but that he did have a few lines in his pocket that they might be willing to listen to. So then he took out the roll he had brought and put on his glasses and stood up, while all the others sat still and listened.

Oh, sweet the month of April,
When birds begin to twitter!
When dewdrops on the clover
And tender grasses glitter!
When every shoot of lettuce
That from the ground arises
Gives promise of a salad—
Oh, month of sweet surprises!

You see Mr. Rabbit is a great gardener, and specially fond of young clover and tender salad.

Oh, sweet the month of April,
When youthful chicks are hatching,
And gaily in the meadows
Around their ma are scratching!

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

The finest way to eat them
In dumpling or in pies is—
Oh, here's to you, sweet April,
With all your glad surprises!

Mr. Rabbit knew that the Crow would have chicken either in dumpling or pies, and anyhow he needed "pies is" to rhyme with "surprises," and when he came to those lines and sat down the others shouted and laughed and Mr. Crow pounded on the table and declared he couldn't have done better if he'd been a poet and written it himself! And the 'Coon and the 'Possum both pounded too and said "That's so! That's so!"

Then Mr. Crow shoved the R. T. pie over between Jack Rabbit and Mr. Turtle and the pie that was marked P. C. between the 'Coon and the 'Possum. The C. X. pie he pulled up in front of himself, for of course he never even suspected that the top crust on them had been changed by the 'Possum.

The finest way to eat them
In dumpling or in pies is—

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

he said, quoting Mr. Rabbit's poem,

Oh, here's to you, sweet April,
With all your glad surprises!

Then he told them not to be bashful, but to help themselves and remember there was plenty more where that came from. Just as he said this he picked up his knife and stuck it down deep into the C. X. pie. Mr. 'Possum picked up his knife and stuck it down deep into the P. C. pie, and Mr. Rabbit picked up his knife and stuck it into the R. T. pie and cut it in half. Mr. Turtle was watching him pretty anxiously, for he remembered what the 'Possum had said about a surprise, but when Jack Rabbit laid a smoking half with the gravy running out of it on his plate he forgot all about everything else.

Mr. 'Possum didn't divide the P. C. pie just yet, but kept cutting as if it cut very hard, and talking a good deal while he cut. He said that, speaking of surprises, it used to be quite a fashion to fool people on the



MR. TURTLE WAS WATCHING HIM PRETTY
ANXIOUSLY

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

first of April, and that he'd known lots of the biggest kind of jokes played on people that day. The biggest jokes, though, he said, were those that came back on the people who played them, and that he knew one of that kind once that made him laugh now every time he thought about it. Then he did laugh some, and sawed away and said he guessed he'd struck a bone; and the 'Coon laughed, too, and Mr. Crow was nearly dying with trying to keep from laughing, for he thought Mr. 'Possum was sawing away on an old stick. He didn't want to let on, though, so he quit looking and commenced cutting his own pie. He laughed to himself and went on cutting for a minute, and then, all of a sudden, he didn't want to laugh any more, or cut either, for he had opened a hole in the top of the C. X. pie and he saw something and smelled something that made him real sick. He looked over quick to Mr. 'Possum's plate, and what he saw there made him sicker yet. For there lay a half of the P. C. pie,



THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE DIDN'T WANT
TO LAUGH ANY MORE

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

and Mr. Crow saw with one look that it was just as fine a chicken pie as ever came out of an oven.

Mr. 'Coon had a piece on his plate, too, and they were saying what a fine pie it was, and Mr. Turtle and Mr. Rabbit said so, too, and that Mr. Crow was certainly the finest cook in those parts.

THE STORY OF THE C. X. PIE

(Continued)

WHAT HAPPENS TO MR. CROW AND HIS PIE

POOR Mr. Crow! You never saw anybody look as sickly and foolish as he did. He thought that he had made a dreadful mistake in marking the pies, and that now he had got to eat or pretend to eat the mess of old leaves and sticks that filled up the C. X. pie clear to the top. He never thought of Mr. 'Possum's changing the crust, and even if he had, he wouldn't have felt any better.

I don't suppose you'll ever know just how bad Mr. Crow did feel, unless you get into a fix like that some time yourself.

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

First he got hot and then he got cold, and the sweat began to break out on his bill like dew drops. He began to eat a little of the crust first, and then he was afraid if he ate the crust away the others would see what was inside of it, so he put his fork in and got a rolled-up leaf with gravy on it and whisked it into his mouth and chewed and tried to swallow till his eyes stuck out and the tears ran down in a stream. He was glad that nobody seemed to be looking at him, for everybody else was too busy eating the nice pie, and Mr. 'Possum was just saying that he liked Mr. Crow's surprises, for he always surprised them by having something better than they expected.

Then he told how once, when they were snowed in, Mr. Crow had kept them all from starving by making a kind of bread called johnnie cake, and some chicken gravy, and how they could never get him to tell where he got the things to make it of. He said he thought maybe Mr. Crow would tell pretty soon, though, now. Then they



I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'LL EVER KNOW JUST
HOW BAD MR. CROW DID FEEL

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

all looked at Mr. Crow and begged him to tell his great secret, and when they looked they saw he wasn't eating his pie, but was just sitting there picking at it with his fork a little. They all told him not to be afraid to eat some of his own nice pie, for they were sure there'd be plenty, and Mr. Crow said in a weakly voice that when he cooked he never could eat very much. He said he guessed he'd take a biscuit and some syrup because he didn't feel quite well, anyway. So he pushed the C. X. pie away and ate a biscuit with butter and syrup on it, and felt a good deal better.

But pretty soon Mr. Turtle finished his piece and remembered what Mr. 'Possum had whispered about asking for a second helping. So he said he guessed he'd take another piece of that fine pie—just a small one to hold the other down. Mr. Rabbit said he guessed he'd have to ask for another small piece, too, it was so good, and the 'Coon and the 'Possum both said that, although they were home folks and used to Mr. Crow's

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

good cooking, they certainly would have to take another little piece of that fine pie.

Then Mr. Crow knew there were only two things that he could do. He could either faint, or "holler" "Fire!" And, after studying for about half a second, he keeled right over and fainted dead away.

Of course that stopped the dinner for a while. Jack Rabbit and Mr. Turtle jumped up frightened, and the 'Coon and the 'Possum pretended to be frightened, too. They all ran to Mr. Crow and carried him up stairs to his room and put him on his bed. Then Mr. 'Coon brought some water and Mr. Rabbit fanned him and Mr. Turtle unbuttoned his vest to give him air. Mr. 'Possum he stood still and gave orders, and said pretty soon that he was sure a good strong hot mustard poultice would help matters. It might take the skin off, he said, but it would cure a faint. When he said that Mr. Crow opened his eyes a little pinch and asked where he was, and then he said he guessed he must have fainted, for he'd been

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

taken with a dreadful bad turn at the table and didn't remember any more.

Mr. 'Possum winked at Mr. 'Coon and said yes, that Mr. Crow had even forgot to give them a second helping of pie, but that he supposed Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Turtle could go back and help themselves. Then the sweat broke out on Mr. Crow again, and he said he hoped they wouldn't, for it would be cold now and they would find the biscuits and syrup much better. Jack Rabbit said he thought so, too, and the 'Possum, who was really beginning to feel sorry for the poor Crow, said the same, and so did the others. So then Mr. Crow got better as quick as anything, and they all went back down stairs and ate the biscuits and syrup, which were certainly very fine. Once Mr. Rabbit wondered what that nice, leafy smell was that he got a whiff of now and then, and Mr. Turtle said he'd been thinking about that, too. Then Mr. 'Coon helped out and said that he s'posed it was Mr. Man and Mr. Dog burning brush over on



FAINTED DEAD AWAY

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

the edge of the Wide Grass Lands, and he went on to make a little speech that was kind of a reply to Mr. Rabbit's poem. He said how nice it was to give one's friends pleasant surprises of good things as Mr. Crow had done, instead of unpleasant ones such as Mr. 'Possum had mentioned, and all the others said, "Yes, Yes!" and cheered him, all except Mr. Crow, who looked down into his plate and didn't say a word, but just seemed to be thinking and thinking.

And by and by, when Jack Rabbit and Mr. Turtle said good-by and went away, he hurried back to the table, and was just going to take the C. X. pie up to his own part of the house, when Mr. 'Possum and Mr. 'Coon grabbed him and said they must have a piece of that pie, after all. And when Mr. Crow wasn't going to give it to them, they both commenced to laugh and said it was their pie anyway, and that they meant to have it. And right then Mr. Crow knew just what had happened, and that it was no use to be an April fool any

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

longer. He stood still a minute, looking first at Mr. 'Coon and then at Mr. 'Possum. Then he walked to the window and flung the C. X. pie out as far as he could send it among the leaves and brush, where it belonged. The 'Coon stood on one side and the 'Possum on the other, and they watched it strike and roll out of sight before they said anything. Then Mr. 'Coon said that perhaps it would be a good time now to tell the great secret of the johnnie cake and gravy, and Mr. Crow said he would do that and anything else they wanted him to if they'd promise they wouldn't tell this joke on him to anybody—Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Turtle especially. Then he went right on and told them the great secret of the johnnie cake, and the 'Coon and the 'Possum did promise, though they didn't intend to tell anyway, for they thought a great deal of Mr. Crow and they were all good friends.

But, dear me! exclaimed the Story Teller, I've been telling for three evenings on this story, and here it is nine o'clock again.



HAD JACK RABBIT AND MR. TURTLE IN FOR
SUPPER

MR. TURTLE'S THUNDER STORY

MR. TURTLE'S THUNDER STORY

THE WAY OF THE FIRST THUNDER AND
LIGHTNING

ONCE upon a time, said the Story Teller, when the Crow and the 'Coon and the 'Possum lived together in three big, hollow branches of a big, big hollow tree in the big, big Big Deep Woods, and used to meet and have good times together in the parlor down stairs, they had Jack Rabbit and Mr. Turtle in for supper. It was a nice supper, too, for it was just about strawberry time, and strawberries grow thicker in the Big Deep Woods than fur on a kitten's back. Mr. Crow, who is a great cook, had made a

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

nice shortcake, and been over to Mr. Man's pantry, where he gets some of his best things, and borrowed a pail of sweet cream when Mr. Man wasn't at home.

Of course they had fried chicken, too, first, and by the time they were through their shortcake and had lit their pipes Mr. 'Possum, who likes good things better than anybody, almost, could hardly open his eyes. He said he wished he was a poet, like Mr. Jack Rabbit, for he had never been so full of summer happiness since he was born, and if he could only make rhymes, he knew that poetry would slip right off his tongue. Then, of course, Mr. Rabbit wanted to show off, and without stopping a second he commenced to talk poetry—this way:—

In the summer time I make a rhyme
For every breeze that passes,
For I can always make it chime
With lassies, grasses, sasses.

Mr. 'Possum said he couldn't do that if it was to save him from being hung the

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

next minute, and Mr. Rabbit went right on without catching his breath:—

Where e'er I go my verses flow—
I keep it up for hours.
I'm never short of rhymes, you know,
With bowers, flowers, showers.

Well, that set them all to wondering how Jack Rabbit could do it so easily, and Mr. Rabbit didn't think to tell them how he'd sat up all the night before to compose this poetry, so's to have it on hand and ready for a chance to use it. He said that it was somebody else's turn now, and that maybe Mr. Turtle would give them a performance of some kind. Mr. Turtle wanted to change the subject, and got up and walked over to the window. He said that, speaking of showers, it was so warm and close, he shouldn't wonder if they had one before morning. He said he believed there was lightning now, off in the west, and seemed like he could hear it thunder, too. Then they all talked about thunder and lightning

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

and what they were. But nobody seemed to know except Mr. Turtle himself.

"Why," he said, "I thought everybody knew that!" Then he went on to say that he'd known the story ever since he was "no bigger than a pants button," and all the others said he must tell it to them, because it was his turn, anyway. And Mr. Turtle was glad to do that, for he really wanted to show off a little, like Jack Rabbit, only he hadn't known before how to do it. So he filled up his pipe nice and fresh, and lit it, and began.

"Well," he said, "of course you know my family all live to be pretty old. I'm only three hundred and sixteen next spring myself, but Uncle Tom Turtle, who lives up by the forks, is a good deal over nine hundred, and he isn't nearly as old as Father Storm Turtle and his wife, who live up in the Big West Hills, and make the thunder and lightning."

Mr. Turtle stopped a minute to light his pipe again, and all the others just looked at

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

him and couldn't say a word. They knew he was pretty old, but they had never thought much about it before, and what he said about Father and Mother Storm Turtle they had never even heard of. But Mr. Turtle just lit his pipe, and puffed, and said:—

“To tell the truth, I never did hear of any of our family dying of old age, and I shouldn't wonder if Old Man Turtle Himself would still be alive, too, if he hadn't tried to swallow a mussel fish with the shell on and got it stuck in his throat a million and twenty-five years ago last spring. Anyhow, that's according to the date cut on his shell overcoat that Uncle Tom Turtle saw once at Father Storm's house up in the Big West Hills.

“I don't know how many great-grand-fathers back Father Storm is from me, nor how many from Father Storm Old Man Turtle Himself was, but I know Father Storm got his shell overcoat after the mussel fish wouldn't go down, and that it was a great

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

deal too big to take in the house, and it used to set out in the yard on four bricks, for the children to play under.

“Father Storm Turtle had a big family then, and they were pretty troublesome. They had a habit of wandering off in the woods and forgetting to come back. Every night Mother Storm had to stand in the door and call and call and not be able to sleep if they didn’t come, especially when it was cloudy and looked like rain. She knew that if they got wet they’d all come home with bad colds and sore throats and make trouble and expense. Three of them—named Slop, Splash, and Paddle—were worse than any of the others, for even when it didn’t rain they were always playing in dirty puddles, and would come home all mud and with wet feet.”



SLOP AND SPLASH AND PADDLE



ALL AT ONCE HE HAPPENED TO BE LOOKING RIGHT AT
THE SHELL OF OLD MAN TURTLE HIMSELF

MR. TURTLE'S THUNDER STORY

(Continued)

FATHER STORM'S PLAN AND HOW IT WORKED

“AT last, one day, when Mother Storm Turtle had shouted herself hoarse and couldn't make any of them hear, she said she wouldn't put up with it any longer, and that Father Storm had got to fix up some way to call those children home when she wanted them, especially when it was going to rain, as it was now. So Father Storm went out into the front yard and sat down and looked at the clouds and thought and thought.

“All at once, just as he was about to

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

give it up, he happened to be looking right at the shell of Old Man Turtle Himself. He jumped up quick and hit it with his cane, and when it made quite a loud sound he laughed, for he knew, now, how he could make those children hear when he wanted them. He didn't say a word to Mother Storm Turtle, but went right to work and dug two holes and put up two tall posts in the yard and fastened a stout beam across the top of them. Then he worked until he had bored a hole in one end of the shell of Old Man Turtle Himself, and put a chain in it and dragged it over and strung it up between the posts, so that it swung there and didn't quite touch the ground. That, of course, made a thing a good deal like Mr. Man's dinner gong, only a hundred times as big, and about a thousand times as loud. Then Father Storm went out into the wood-house to make a club to beat it with, laughing to himself now and then when he thought how Mother Storm Turtle would 'most have a fit when she heard it for the first time.



WENT RIGHT TO WORK AND DUG TWO HOLES

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

“But while Father Storm Turtle was doing so much, Mother Storm had been thinking and doing some herself. She was getting supper, and when she looked into the fire to put in a stick of wood, she just happened to think that if she could make a torch big enough and bright enough, when she stood in the door and waved it, those children would see the light, especially nights when it was dark just before a heavy rain. So she went right to work and made one, just as big as she could make it, and put lots of oil and fat on it, to make it bright. She laughed to think how Father Storm Turtle would jump when she waved that out the door, and how the children would come running when they saw the big flash. Then she noticed that it was getting darker and darker and would rain in a minute. So she hurried up and lit it and stepped to the door and gave it a great big swing. And just that second Father Storm hit the shell of Old Man Turtle Himself with a big hickory club, and there was never such



FATHER STORM HIT THE SHELL OF OLD MAN TURTLE HIMSELF
WITH A BIG HICKORY CLUB

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

a light nor such a roar in the world as that was.

“Mother Storm Turtle tumbled over backward and set the house afire with her torch, and Father Storm was so frightened by the big light that at first he couldn’t help her put the fire out. And just then it began raining like forty, and all the children came running and screaming out of the woods, half scared to death by the big light and noise. It made a terrible commotion there for a few minutes, until they got the fire put out, and people heard it all over the country, even to Mr. Man’s house. And when they found out what it was, and who started it, everybody called it a ‘storm.’ And rain and wind and thunder and lightning, or ’most any other kind of a big fuss, is called a ‘storm’ to this day, after Father and Mother Storm Turtle.

“And that,” said Mr. Turtle, lighting his pipe once more, “was the first thunder and lightning, and whenever people saw it after that they said, ‘We’re going to have another

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

storm!' For Father and Mother Storm Turtle went right on using the big torch and the shell of Old Man Turtle Himself to call in the children just before a rain, and the children would come running every time, all except Slop, Splash, and Paddle, who got so at last that they liked the mud and dirty water better than anything else. They liked the mud so well that Father Storm told them one day they might go and live in the mud and be named Mud for all he cared; and so they did, and their names were Mud, and they and all their families live in dirty water and are called Mud Turtles to this day. They never went home again, but whenever they hear Father Storm pounding on the shell, they stop whatever they are doing and listen. And that's how the saying began that 'a Mud Turtle never lets go till it thunders.'"

"What makes the noise always get louder and the light brighter just before it rains?" asked Jack Rabbit.

"Why, you see," said Mr. Turtle, "Father

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

and Mother Storm's grandchildren and great-grandchildren are a good deal scattered now, and as the old people run the thunder and lightning mostly on their account, they try to make it just about bright enough and loud enough to keep up with the rain wherever it goes."

"It's plenty loud enough," said Mr. 'Coon, solemnly.

"And plenty bright enough," said Mr. Crow, blinking.

"What makes it set things on fire sometimes?" asked Mr. 'Possum, sleepily.

"That's when Mother Storm Turtle swings her torch too hard and coals fly out of it," said Mr. Turtle, as he got up and walked over to the window.

Then the Crow and the 'Coon and the 'Possum and Jack Rabbit got up, too, and walked over, and they all looked out together. It was dark among the trees below them, and Mr. Turtle pointed off toward the Big West Hills.

"You see," he said, speaking low, "Mother

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

Storm is beginning to swing her torch, and you'll hear Father Storm pounding before long on the shell of Old Man Turtle Himself."

So the five friends stood very still and listened and pretty soon they did hear a low, far-off rumble, sure enough.

"That means it's time to start for home," said Mr. Jack Rabbit, reaching for his hat and cane.

Mr. Turtle reached for his hat and cane, too, and they felt their way down the dim stairs, with Mr. 'Coon holding a candle, and Mr. Crow and Mr. 'Possum looking after them.

"Good night, everybody," said Mr. Turtle.

"Push the latch string in from the outside," called Mr. Crow. "Then I won't have to come down."

"All right!
Good night!"

called back Jack Rabbit.

"Good night! Come again!" called the Crow and the 'Coon and the 'Possum.



CALLED TO JACK RABBIT TO PUSH IN THE
LATCH STRING

A RAIN IN THE NIGHT

A RAIN IN THE NIGHT

A WINDOW THAT WASN'T CLOSED, AND
WHO CLOSED IT

THE night was warm in the Hollow Tree. Jack Rabbit and Mr. Turtle, who had been spending the evening with the 'Coon and 'Possum and the Old Black Crow, had hurried off to their homes, so as to get there before the rain set in.

They had all stood by an open parlor window and seen it coming over the Big West Hills, and the visitors knew they'd catch it if they didn't hurry. Mr. Crow and the others had watched them down stairs, and called to Jack Rabbit to push in the latch string, which would fasten the door from the outside. Then Mr. 'Possum had

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

taken his candle, and Mr. 'Coon had taken *his* candle, and Mr. Crow had taken *his* candle, and each had gone up to his own room and scrambled into bed quick, so's to be able to cover up his head when it thundered.

Well, they hadn't any more than all gone to bed before Mr. Crow suddenly happened to remember that, being in such a hurry, none of them had thought to close the parlor window, and it would rain in as sure as the world. There was a little table close to the window, with some of his best things on it, too, and if it rained in they would all get wet and be spoiled. He thought about this twice, and maybe more than twice, and the more he thought about it the less he wanted to get up and close that window. Then, all at once, there came a flash of lightning and low growling thunder. Down he bobbed under the covers, and this made him want to get up less than ever. He knew, though, that it would be raining hard pretty soon, and spoiling his things. He had to do something right off.

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

So, after thinking a minute, he sat up in bed and called out:—

“Oh, Mr. 'Coon! You forgot to close the parlor window. It will rain in on your things.”

But Mr. 'Coon called back:—

“It won't hurt MY things, Mr. Crow. They're over on the other side of the room.”

And Mr. 'Possum, who was sitting up in bed, too, listened and laughed in the dark.

But just then there was another flash of lightning, and Mr. Crow bobbed down, and Mr. 'Coon bobbed down, and Mr. 'Possum bobbed down, so's not to hear the thunder. Then, pretty soon, Mr. Crow sat up in bed again and called out:—

“Oh, Mr. 'Possum! You forgot to close the parlor window. It will rain in on your things.”

But Mr. 'Possum called back:—

“It won't hurt MY things, Mr. Crow. They're all over by the stairs.”

And Mr. 'Coon, who was sitting up in bed, listened and laughed in the dark, too,

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

Then for a minute Mr. Crow didn't know but that he'd have to go down and shut that window himself, after all. And while he was thinking how much he didn't want to, there came another flash of lightning brighter than ever, and Mr. Crow and Mr. 'Coon and Mr. 'Possum all bobbed down again and covered up their heads, so's not to hear the thunder. But Mr. Crow heard it a little, anyway, and it set him to thinking. So when he sat up again he called out:—

“Oh, Mr. 'Coon, did Jack Rabbit push in the latch string down stairs?”

And Mr. 'Coon called back:—

“I s'pose so; Mr. Crow. You told him to. Why?”

“Oh, nothing; only he left in a great hurry, and I thought maybe he didn't get it quite in.”

And Mr. 'Possum listened again, but this time he didn't laugh.

Then Mr. Crow called out to him, too:—

“Oh, Mr. 'Possum, did Mr. Rabbit push in the latch string when he left?”

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

And Mr. 'Possum called back:—

“I don't know, Mr. Crow. But you told him to. Why?”

“Oh, nothing; only I heard something just now that sounded like Mr. Dog barking and coming this way.”

And Mr. 'Coon listened again, too, but he didn't laugh any this time, either.

And just then there was another flash of lightning, a good deal brighter than any of the other flashes, and down went Mr. Crow again, and down went Mr. 'Coon again, and down went Mr. 'Possum again, so's not to hear it thunder. But they did hear it, even under the bedclothes, and being covered up that way, and thinking about Mr. Dog anyhow, made it sound to them exactly like Mr. Dog's voice barking and growling, and coming closer and closer and closer.

And when Mr. 'Coon and Mr. 'Possum heard that they didn't wait another minute. They just threw back the covers, both of them, and piled out of bed and made a rush for that down-stairs door, as if Mr. Dog was

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

right behind them, sure enough. And of course neither one knew the other had started, and when they got to the head of the stairs they bumped together in the dark, and down they went, over and over, to the bottom. There was a little flash of lightning just as they got there, and they saw that Mr. Rabbit had pushed in the latch string after all. Then they felt foolish, and each began to blame the other for making him fall down stairs, and both of them said they knew all the time the door was fastened, and that they weren't afraid of Mr. Dog, anyway. They'd only got up, they said, to shut the parlor window, and they did shut it, both together, as they came back. Then they ran up to their beds quick, while Mr. Crow, who had been listening all the time, laid down and rolled over and laughed and laughed in the dark.

And just then there came another big, bright flash, and down under the covers went all three of them, so's not to hear it thunder. They stayed under a good while that time,

HOW MR. DOG GOT EVEN

and when they put their heads out again the shower had commenced, and the thunder was passing over.

So then, pretty soon, the 'Possum and the 'Coon and the Old Black Crow all dropped off to sleep to the sound of the rain falling among the leaves and branches of the Hollow Tree.



